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BY AUGUSTA LARNED. The well- are long, the winds are fair, M. atwaings naward through the gale I drink the fountains of the air, th) ast the rustling of the sail.

the smooth, green waves, be

the noble tree that was sacrificed to

the horse-car Moloch groaned in sym-

pathy. I am apt to be moved to in;

sight. Dr. Holmes has gracefully

yielded to the inevitable. The rest of

us sulk over it. It is a fine thing, no

doubt, to be able to look squarely at

the double-ended law-school, but inter

leges silent arma virque canentes.

I did not mean to trouble you with

a useless 'screed' but I wish to tell

those who share my vain regrets that

a series of five photographs of the

housewere taken just before our super-

certainly reproduced its shadow more

satisfactorily than any that have hither-

to been shown. One especially, of the

porch, disclosing through the open

door the staircase trodden by patriots,

scholars, and a poet, is a charming

picture, and invites one into the inter-

ior, which he suddenly remembers he

never can enter. It is a satisfaction

that these views do not include the

law-school. There is another in the

series which shows the house at a lit-

tle distance, touched with an atmo-

spheric grace which half-spiritualizes

the wood and brick. Altogether, the

series forms one of the most agreeable

souvenirs of the late lamented building

THE COURTSHIP OF MARK TWAIN AND

HIS HOME AT HARTFORD.-In 1869.

Twain tried journalism for a time in

Buffalo, where he held an editorial

position on a daily paper. While

there he fell in love with a young lady.

a sister of "Dan"-made famous in

Innocents Abroad-but her father, a

gentleman of wealth and position,

looked unfavorably upon his daughter's

alliance with a Bohemian literary

"I like you," he said to Mark, "but

what do I know of your antecedents?

Who is there to answer for you any

After reflecting a few moments.

Mark thought some of his old Califor

nia friends would speak a good word

for him. The prospective father-in-

law wrote letters of inquiry to several

residents of San Francisco, to whom

Clemens referred him, and, with one

exception, the letters denounced him

bitterly, especially deriding his capac-

ity for becoming a good husband.

Mark sat beside his fiance when the

letters were read aloud by the old

gentleman. There was a dreadful

silence for a monent, and then Mark

stammered: "Well, that's pretty rough

His betrothed came to the rescue,

however, and overturned the mass of

testimony against him by saying," I'll

The terrible father-in-law lived in

Elmira, New York, and there Mark

was married. He had told his friends

in the newspaper office at Buffalo to

select him a suite of rooms in a first-

class boarding-house in the city, and

to have a carriage at the depot to meet

the bride and groom. Mark knew

they would do it, and gave himself no

more anxiety about it. When he

reached Buffalo, he found a handsome

carriage, a beautiful span of horses

and a driver in livery. They drove

him up to a handsome house on an

aristocratic street, and as the door was

opened, there were the parents of the

bride to welcome them home. The

old folks had arrived on the quiet by

a special train. After Mark had gone

through the house and examined its

elegant finishings, he was notified offi-

cially that he had been driven by his

own coachman, in his own carriage, to

his own house. They say tears came

to his wonderfully dark and piercing

eyes, and that all he could say was

Well, this is a first-class swindle."

Not long after his marriage, Mark

settled down in Hartford, and invested

The Clemens mansion in Hartford

is a model of architectural beauty, and

is elegantly finished in the interior.

In the library, over the large fire-place,

is a brass plate with the inscription in

old English text: "The ornament of a

house is the friends who frequent it."

Mark does not use the library for his

study, but does nearly all his writing

in the billiard room at the top of the

house. It is a long room, with slop-

ing sides, is light and airy, and very

quiet. In this room Mark writes at a

plain table, with his reference books

scattered about him. He makes it an

invarable rule to do a certain amount

of literary work every day, and his

working hours are made continuous

by his not taking a mid-day meal. He

destroys much manuscript, and it is

said he rewrote five hundred pages of

one of his popular books. Mark is an

industrious worker, and continues his

labors the year round. In summer

he retreats to his villa on the Hudson,

or to a little cottage in the mountains

near Elmira, New York. There he

capital in insurance companies there.

on a fellow, anyhow?"

risk you, anyhow."

that could be desired."

I real the furrows of the sea, and services I though reaper Death Hole the black storm cloud on my lee. there to feel the leaping boat Strebel onward like an eager bound; My payous soul is all afloat, My thoughts know neither mete no

The curling wave repeats its form, The spray flies off a snowy cloud Haugh all landward care to scorn, and he within the stiffened shroud.

Hove the gray encircling main That climbs to meet the horizon's kiss-What dying o'er the ocean's plain I yield me to a boundless bliss.

The goll that darts across my track

And shakes the glory from its wings, Then wells into the cloudy rack, lo dight tells all my spirit sings. The fish that glides beneath my keel Through dim, pellucid, watery ways, In hthe ome motion can reveal The rapture of my nights and days. I change with every cloud that floats,

And with the changing shape of sails ; the darkling and the sunward boats To me are only fairy tales. My craft seems but a living part Of all I am and all I know ;

And like the tides in ocean's heart My spirits strangely ebb and flow. For life upon the bounding wave Is life that never comes to land. The hidden secrets of the grave

Drift from some dim forgotten strand. And naught is lost from out the past, The loved, the dead, float on the stream And all is fluent, naught is fast, I know not when I wake or dream.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

HOMES AND HOME LIFE OF SOME AM . R ICAN AUTHORS.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILLSON-the novelist-has one of the pleasantest homes in Mobile. The house is surrounded by a grove of live oaks and a thicket of camellias, the latter being Mrs. Willson's favorite flower. She places a white camellia at her husband's plate at table at every meal, "and he has never," she says, "been without a flower at any breaking of bread in our home since we were mar ried, now sixteen years ago."

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, the poet, lived in a neatly furnished com fortable house on Penn street, in this city. Mrs. Sangster is probably one of the most tireless literary workers of the present day. Besides accomplishing a large amount of reading for a leading publishing house each day, and one of the editors of a successful religious journal, she regularly contributes to more than a dozen literary periodicals throughout the country. Her poems are perhaps more widely quoted by the press than those of any other poetess of the present day, and are noted for the gentle pathos which pervades them."Her home life is one of New England simplicity, yet so attractive as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the visitor of the supreme happiness which finds a perma nent rest within it.

WHITTIER'S HOME.—"Mr. Whittier's dwelling in Amesbury," says Harriet Prescutt Spoffold, "is exceedingly simple and exquisitely neat, the exterior of a pale cream-color, with many trees and shrubs about it, while, within, one room opens into another till you reach the study that should be haunted by the echoes of all sweet sounds, for here have been written most of those verses full of the fitful

"Of winds that out of dreamland blow," "Here, in the proper season, the flames of a cheerful fire dance upon the brass andirons of the open hearth, in the centre of a wall lined with lanks; water-colors by Harry Fenn and Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter; together with interesting prints, hang on the other walls, rivalled, it may be, by the window that looks down a sunby little orchard, and by the glasstopped door through which you see the green dome of Powow Hill. What worthies have been entertained in this enticing place! Garrison and Phillips and Higginson and Wasson and Emerson and Fields and Bayard Taylor and Alice and Phoebe Cary and Gail Hamilton and Anna Dickinson are only a few of the names that one remembers.

"In appearance Mr. Whittier is as upright in bearing as ever. His eye is as black and burns with as keen a hre as when it flashed over the Concord hab, and sees beauty everywhere as freshly as when he cried with the Voices of Freedom' and sang the Songs of Labor; and his smile is the same smile that has won the worship of men, and of women too, for sixty years and over."

THE OLD HOLMES HOUSE IN CAM-Thise. "One of the most affecting sights which I ever saw in Cambridge, says a correspondent of the Boston . blerrtiser, "was the trundling of all that was left structurally of the old Holmes house past the college build-

ings, on its way to a lonely degrada- finds the most quiet solitude, and tion somewhere on the Mash. Mass- there he works undisturbed. Mark is achusetts and Harvard Hall blushed fond of his wife, and of his three for shame in every brick, and when the beautiful children. He has achieved dissevered fragment of the house a notable success as a lecturer, both in creaked over Harvard Square, the this country and in England. ground which still held the roots of

Authors and Publishers.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge is particular as to the medium through which his dignation whenever I remember that work reaches the public. About five years ago he received an important looking envelope which he found to contain a communication from the publisher of a New York weekly of little reputation, asking him to write for that periodical. Mr. Trowbridge went immediately to Mr. Longfellow, with whom he had the closest friendship, and asked him what he should do.

Mr. Longfellow replied: "Give your price and they will say no more about

fine civilization destroyed it, and they Mr. Trowbridge consequently sat down and wrote a letter to the publisher, saving that he would write a short serial for his periodical at the rate of \$300 a week. Then he rested, content that he had frightened at least one publisher.

Again there came a letter-more important looking than the first one. When Mr. Trowbridge opened it he found to his horror that his offer had been accepted. For the second time Mr. Trowbridge posted to his friend and asked him what to do.

"Close the contract," was the reply. The story was written and sent to the periodical. It ran through thirteen numbers and Mr. Trowbridge received \$3,900 for his work.

It sometimes occurs that when a magazine has accepted the manuscript of a young author, it keeps it until he has acquired fame. This was done, to the exceeding advantage of a wellknown magazine, which bought a manuscript from "Charles Egbert Crad dock" some years ago. It was religiously kept until Miss Murfree made her appearance in Boston society as lion, and then the magazine printed its story and secured the envy of its

Most young authors believe that editors will not read their manuscript. This is something of a mistake. They not only read the work of young authors, but seek it when their productions have shown indications of future success. Hugh Conway published his first stories in an obscure paper in the south of England. He was hunted up and given fame. E. W. Howe, the author of "A Country Town," published his first stories in his paper, the Atchinson Globe, and was found by an enterprising publisher. Richard Malcolm Johnson's first "Dukesborough Tales" appeared in a Southern news paper; Dr. Holland noticed them, and since that time Mr. Johnson has published ten stories in the leading magazines. Mrs. Burnett sold her first stories to the Petersons, of Philadelphia. They were fully as good as she has ever written since then. Frank L. Stockton secured the prize of \$500 for the best story of humor, offered by a magazine some time ago, but a man who was then absolutely unknown, E. W. Thomson, of Montreal, Canada, received a like prize from the same magazine for the best story of adven-

## FRANK JAMES SELLS A HORSE

Well-Trained Specimen of the Equine Race-Feats Performed.

[St. Joe Gazette.] A few days ago Dr. A. V. Banes, desiring a few days' rest and recreation. took a run down to Excelsior springs, in Clay county. As is generally known, these noted springs are not far distant from the country residence of Dr. Samuels, who-e wife is the mother of Frank James. Now that danger no longer lurks in every pathway, notwithstanding the fact that Frank lives in Jackson county, fifty miles away, there are few weeks that are allowed to pass by that he steeds in the morning and that night seek rest under the roof which sheltered him in his innocent childhood.

Frank was making one of his visits to the old farm while Dr. Ranes was sojourning at the springs, and by some means the doctor learned of the wonderful traits and peculiarities of a horse ridden down into Clay by the ex-outlaw. Now. if there is any one thing on earth that Dr. Banes likes better than all others it is a fine horse, and being in need of such an animal, he concluded to pay Frank a visit. An hour and a half's drive landed the doctor at the Samuels place, where he introduced him-self and received a most cordial and hospit-able greeting from Mrs. Samuels and her son Frank, Dr. Samuels being absent at a church meeting. In due course of time Dr. Banes explained the object of the visit, and asked of Frank to be shown his horse. "Certainly," -aid be, and leading the way to the barn-yard, halted at the gate and in a sharp, shrill tone cried out, "Come here,

Buck!" A magnificent specimen of the equine race, 6 years old, and a beautiful sorrel whose every act and motion be poke the thoroughbred, emerged from a shed where he had taken r fuge from the scorching rays of the sun, and, approaching his master, stopped at the gate which separated them, and stood there trembling like an

aspen leaf. "That is the way to have a horse, " said Frank. "Learn them to run after you, and don't run after them.' Frank then made Buck perform a number of tricks and obey several commands. when the doctor asked to be shown the qual ities of the intelligent animal as a road ster. Frank hitched Buck to a light buggy and invited the doctor to take a seat by his side. Frank took the reinwhich were really superfluous, as Buck was controlled by the commands of his master. When the horse would be going at full speed under a close rein Frank would drop

one gait to another and turn in any desired direction by a single word. Being satisfied with Buck as a buggy animal, the doctor a ked to be shown his saddle gaits. If Buck excelled as a buggy horse, he was perfection under the saddle,

the ribbons and make Buck change from

## LOCOMOTIVES.

ON THE SICK LIST AND IN THE HOS-PITAL FOR REPAIRS

Special Train to Elberon - Wear and Tear of an Engine-Som "Old-Timers"

[New York Sun.] By far the most interesting building of the Pennsylvania railway repair shops, on the meadows between Hackensack and Jersey City, to the round-house, where stalls are provided for forty-one locomotives, aside from the three entrances, which can be utilized at a pinch. Engines in all manner of undress costumes are resting in these stalls, receiving a respite from their arduous work. One of them, a freight, is just in from the line to have her sand-box repaired. and will return to her labors in an hour's time. Another, known as the "P" class, which constitutes the heaviest engines run on the road, is stripped bare of all its exterior arrangements, and even to its fivefoot-eight drivers and its 1814 x24 cylinders; its identity is only known by a common chalk mark on its naked boiler, 1,059. This is one of the engines that hauls the bulky southern and western mail trains, and was constructed e pecially for that purpose. Its weight, equipped for service, is fifty tons, or four tons heavier than the "K" engine 317, which stands undressed near it. The latter, with its long legs-its drivers are six feet six inches in diameter-appears to be more weighty, but the former makes up the difference in the length of its boiler and the

size of the cylinders. Hard by are several other passenger engines known as the "A" clas, whose numbers run from 1,030 to 1,045, and whose weights average 45% tons. These are the most popular engines on the road, and can steam, work and run better with eight or ten cars than any other class. Many of the locomotive; are now in the shops receiving a slopping fire-box instead of the old-fashioned flat surface. The new style of box rests upon the frame of the engine, allows eitht inches more of heating space, and, lessens the chances of spreading the wheels by close proximity to the fire box. Thus far only twelve engines have been furnished with the new arrangement, but so soon as the half-dozen locomotives that are now being put into shape for the Long Branch ute are out of the way the innovation in

heating will be extended to others. Among the engines that will leave the shops this week is the historical 658, which tablished its record in July, 1881, on the day Dr. Frank H. Hamilton was summoned to Garfield's bedside. At half an hour's notice it whirled the special train from Jersey City to Philadelphia in one hour and thirty-eight minutes, including one stop and several slowdowns. And again in the following September, when Garfield was taken to Elberon, 658 was detailed to haul the special train; and two weeks later the 658 began the mournful ride which, starting at Elberon, ended at Cleveland, Onio. Last year 658 was put in charge of Engineer McLean on the Long Branch limited express, and ran 124 miles every day for twelve weeks in a few minutes over three hours, including eight stops. In September she went to the shops for a thorough overhauling, and has been there ever since. Next week 658 will resume its old trips under its old engineer. This engine is one of the lightest on the road. It

weighs only thirty-nine tons. "How often is an engine in need of repairs?" was asked of one of the head me-"That is dependent as much upon the engineer as upon the engine itself. For instance, some engineers handle an engine very carefully and easily, while others pound them to pieces in quick order. The fast express engines suffer the most. The wear and tear upon them is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary passenger. For instance, an engine is sent to the shop for slight repairs; say her tire has worn down. Very often that will lead to the readjustment of her motion work, and a thorough renovation of all her parts follows. We ought to get 50,-000 or 60,000 miles out of an engine before she requires complete overhauling. There have been exceptions, where a locomotive has run 70.000 miles without the need of a single repair beyond the kind that the enineer himself can attend to; on the other and, some have been returned here with a record of only 40 000 miles." "How do you account for the discrep-

"It runs in the metal altogether. One piece of steel will not yield to dynamite. Another will succumb to a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. Science, experience, and brains have not as yet been able to overcome the metal while it is in this fickle and capricious condition, or to Explain why it is so." A short distance off was a locomotive

graveyard, where a row of dismantled engines gloomily stood awaiting the railway Charon to consign them to oblivion. They were regular old-timers, and were doubtless looked up to by our fathers with feelings of awe and veneration for hauling them over to Philadelphia in the "unprecedented time of four hours, stopping at all the principal stations." The sight of this melancholy procession suggested another question: "What is the average life of a locomo-

The guide laughed. "Railway experts hiffer radically upon that point. The life of an engine ought to be taken from the work it does-its mileage. We base here all our expenses upon mileage. But there are other contingencies, such as the durability of the metal and the man who drives. If two engines of the same class are taken, duplicat s in every respect, and one is put on a slow train on a small branch road, with nothing to do but draw three or four coaches, and the other is assigned to a fast express on the main line with ten or twelve cars, both performing the same daily mileage, which one

### Chinese Hypocrisy.

[Exchange.] The hypocrisy of Chinese officials is forcibly illustrated in the report made to the impress of China by the viceroy of Yunnan of an earthquake which occurred last November at the town of Puerh. The vicerov observes with humility that this awful vis-Itation is to be regarded as a penalty of Heaven for his own inefficiency and incompetency and that of his staff, and he promises on behalf of himself and his subordinates that they will take the lesson to heart and amen I their way.

Manitoba a Debtors' Realm. [Chicago Times.] Manitoba is not a creditors' paradise. By a recent act not only are a settler's household effects and furniture, etc., free from execution, but a portion of his stock, land to the extent of 100 acres, and buildings to the value of \$25,000 are also exempt.

A New Circus Sensation. A French lion-tamer is providing a new "sensation" for the Parisians in allowing them to accompany him in the lion's cage at the rate of 100 france the trip.

Improving the Piano Player's Fingers. [New York Cor. Inter Ocean.] The feat of covering an octave on keys of a piano is too much for the small

hands of some girls, and a surgical operation for adding to the spreading capacity of the fingers has come into considerable vogue. It consists in dividing certain fbrous bands in the little finger. Most of the pupils of a certain professor of music have submitted to it. There is not much pain involved, and no disfigurement. The improved finger is left with none of the dependence upon its nearest neighbor which is its natural characteristic. One of the maidens was telling me about it. She declared it to be a perfect success.

A MEAL FOR TWELVE CENTS.

burprising Result of a Small Investment in Food, Without Any Style. (Chicago Herald.)

A newspaper man walked down State treet. He was hungry, as newspaper men ften are. He felt in his pocket- and found 2 cents. He was surprised-at the unusually large amount. He thought he had but 10. Just then a sign reading "A Square Meal for 12 Cents-Clean and Good-None Better in the City" attracted his attention. Hunger again asserted its claims "Why," t demanded, "shall I not be sati-fied if the best meal in Chicago can be had for 12 cents? There was reason and truth in this, and they carried the day. Bo down into the square meal for 12 cents

re-taurant he dived. It was in a basement. The floor was carpeted with sand. The balf dozen tables were covered with marble from the oilcloth factory. Two waiters were in readiness to receive his order. The wspaper man ordered, again counting his ash to make sure that the whole 12 cents were there. In half a minute the first course was before him. It was a small plate of soup, which tasted well. He did not stop analyze it, even in his mind. The experienced diner-out never doesthat Soup, like hash and sausage, is made to be eaten, not to be analyzed. After the soup came the dinner. It consisted of coffee, which was nearly as good as the average in restaurants; bread and butter, unobjectionable; a boiled potato, with its "jacket" on and well done, and a piece of roast beef. Of course it was not a large piece of beef, nor was it of the choicest cut. But the roasting had been properly done, and that is the main thing. It had the dayor of "doneness" about it, and if not juicy and tender, was wholesome and atis-lying. There was enough gravy with it to op the potato with. Following the meat came a piece of pie. It was a small pieceone-eighth of a pie-but it was good. This was a 12-cent dinner.

"Yes," said the proprietor, as the newspaper man complimented the meal in the hope of getting a cigar in reciprocation, "I call that a good spread for the money, and allow it's a good thing for poor fellows that hain't got much stuff left. When they's get hungry and they has only 12 or 5 cents left the first thing they do is to get into a free lunch place and buy beer. They's rit a little something to eat, but it hain't enough for a man to live on, and lack of nourishment breaks 'em down an' makes em take to drink all the stronger. Yes, I call that a good spread for 12 cents. Some days I has a bit of vegetables an' drops the Don't see how I kin make money on Well, that soup cost; nex to nothin', of course, though it's gool. The bread an i butter is less than I cent. coffee and sugar costs me about 1 cent. You had about one-third of a pound of beef that cost 61/4 cents a pound. The piece of pie cost 11/2 cents. Put in the potato and figure it up, and you'll see the wuole thing didn't cost me more than 5 cents for raw materials, leaving me 7 cents for rent, fuel, help and general expenses. I tell you it's surprising how much to eat can be bought for 5 cents when you don't have to pay 20 for style and 10 cents for food, and all I want is plenty of customers at 12 cents a dinner.

A Boy's Confession to Leo XIII. [Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] A friend of mine lately had a private audience of the holy father. He took his son with him-a most intelligent, original little fellow of 5 years of age. Leo X:II is very fond of little children. He is a nervous, cold, reserved man to grown-up persons, but delightfully accessible and kind to little folk. Claude, my friend's son, was soon mounted upon the holy father's knee, perfectly at ease, with all that divine unconsciousness of children; moreover, be i accustomed to clericals. His best play fellows out of the nursery are a certain learned and distinguished Thomist Dominian and a scholarly Benedictine father. So laude played with the pope's cross, and stened, half-comprehendingly, to the conversation on the difficulties responsibilities of parents, and predisposition to good or evil children. The pope looked tenderly down on dear little Claude and said. "I hope you are always a good boy." Claude flushed a hot red up to his very blonde temples, but an wered, bold as a little lion. "Oh no! I bit Marie yesterday."

"What!" cried the pope. "Bit whom?"
"Marie, my sister," said Claude. "She called me a little pig and I bit her hard on

This was too much for the pope's self-control; he burst into a hearty peal of laughter, then said: "It was not nice in your sister to call you names, to be sure; but you ought not to have bitten her, you know." "Of course not!" exclaimed Claude, with delightful agreement, "for you see I am neither a pig nor a dog." Again his holiness went off into another good laugh. The boy's naive courage and frankness were delicious, and the pope had the true heart to enjoy it.

Patenting Medical Instruments.

[New York Tribune.] "But talking of patented medical instruments." the doctor suddenly said, "do you know that the prejudice of the medical profession is so great against the use of any patented instrument that it amounts almost to what you newspaper men would call boycotting to have an instrument, however valuable, patented?" I did not know it and candidly said I could not credit the

"Why," continued the doctor, "it is not more than twenty years ago that a large house in this city undertook the manufacture of a few patented dental inments. There was instantly raised the cry that by patenting the inventions the company was restricting the denti-ts in doing good and relieving the suffering of their fellow creatures. But the practical result was that inventors were stimulated and additional apparatus was offered this firm; they were enabled to develop their business manufacturers of dental instruments in the world; and they have so cheapened the price of the best instruments that the smallest practitioner can afford to use the best article manufactured, But to this day so great is the prejudice among surgeons as to using any patented surgical instrument that it almost becomes professional outlawry to suggest an invent.on and it is high treason to patent one."

A Georgia "Honey Gathering." [Chicago Times.] Georgians have a novel entertainment which they call a "honey gathering." One in Irving county, lately, was attended by eighty-five persons, and an account of it says the four trees being on a spot not much larger than three acres it was not any trouble to move from one tree to another, and by 5 o'clock every tree was cut and relieved of its sweet contents, of which there was an abundance, so much so that everybody had enough and plenty was left. The bees were in a good humor, and but very few people were stung.

> He Couldn't See. [Texas Siftings.]

A gentleman who had once been a memper of the Texas legislature was arrested in Houston for theft. Said the justice to the culprit: "You were not satisfied to eat a dinner at the man's re-taurant without paying for it, but you went off with the caster and spo as beside." "That's so, your honor, but I to k the caster and spoons from honast motives." "Honest motives?" "Yes, I wanted to pawn them, so I could raise money to pay for the dinner. See!" The fustice somehow failed to see it.

Lunches at the Ascot. [Chicago Times.] Lunches at the Ascot race; eaten on the grass or under cover, consist of "bread, butter, and a 'ard boiled egg" for a "threepence," or, more elaborate, the "periwinkle, ot 'ouse grapes, peerle's pines," and as a

sweet a package of acid drops.

LEGAL NOTICES.

DUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of warrant issued by the Township Comnittee of the Township of Bloomfield, in he County of Essex and State of New Jerbearing date the 22d day of July. 1885, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate in said township in the year 1883, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said township will on

WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD-DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT. t the hour of 2 P.M., at his office in Dodd's building, Glenwood avenue, in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, of exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the ame, and pay such taxes with the interest hereon, from the 20th day of October, . D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-three, together with all costs, fees, harges and expenses.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Ackerman, est. of Abram one house, 10 acres on west side of road to Franklin 44 Dodd, Reuben N. and Bro., 52

acres, west side Paterson road 80.64 68 Kent, Lyman B., one house, 30 acres, n. J. T. Garabrant, formerly, e. Peter S. Garabrant, s. Morris Canal, w. J. T. Garabrant, formerly 72 Kierstead, est. Isaac, one house,

70 acres, n. James Van Winkle, e. road to Franklin, s. H. and J. Van Winkle, w. Morris Canal and Third River. .... 70.56 Van Gieson, Augustus T. 1 house 44 neres, n. Paterson road & road past D. R. church, e. A.

Garabrant, w. lands formerly J. H. Hight 76 Lyon, Wm. 1 house, 28 acres, part of farm formerly belonging to Miss Cyrintha Van Win-Winkle, w. side Paterson road 36.28 34 Van Riper, John, 1 house, 11

acres, e. side Paterson road, s. of Wilbur Brokaw ...... 19.02 DISTRICT NO. 2. 287 Smith, Thos. (formerly Finch) Stores cor. Bloomfield avenue and Orange st., n. Orange st. e, James R. Finch, s. Wm. A. Freeman, w. Bloomfield ave . 53.00 318 Groshong, est. Peter, 1 house,

Broad st. w. Ball est .......... 13.78 388 Hayes, Simeon R. 1 house, Monroe Place, north side, formerly T. E. Hayes. ..... 40.28 26 Kent, Aaron H. one house. 7 acres, n. Old Road, e. Jacob Ritchie, s. est. C. Farrand, w.

formerly W. Wright ...... 69.34 75 McDowell, Chas., one house, n. Canal st., q. est. J. M. Bonnell s. and. w. Montclair Railway 42.40 577 Peck, Gilbert H., one house, n. Beach st., e. and s. I. C. Ward

w. Ed. Ward ..... 57.18 Weeks, est. Dr. Cyrus, about one acre, n. Franklin st., e. & s. est. Cyrus Weeks, w D. M. Day 14.84 83 Edward S. Wilde, 2 tracts-1st. e. side Ridgewood ave, n. Mtc. Railroad, e. Cemetery, s. West Belleville ave. w. Ridgew. ave 154.16 Tract, n. Geo. Mann. or Benson e. Ridgewood ave. s. Kate V.

Rudd and Benson, w. Benson DISTRICT NO. 3. Boyne, James, jr., 1 house, east side Canal, near Plane..... 18.46 8 Boyne, James, 1 house, s. side

Spring st..... 12.58 51 Cunningham, Pat'k, 1 h. Liberty st 9.54 65 Dunbar, Dominic, 1 lot, Cross st. 2.59 104 Gillespie, est. of, 114 acres, 1 h. road leading from Bloomfield to Franklin...... 159.00 21 Higgins, Thomas, 1 house, n.

Liberty st., e. Hickory st., s Powers, w. Canal ..... 6.36 150 Manley, Mrs. Thomas. 1 house, 12 acres, n. side Belleville ave 67.28 158 Monegan, est. Philip, 1 house, Montgomery st, north side ... 13.64 163 Madison, Mrs. Wm. J., 2 lots, Orchard st., west side ...... 4.66 172 O'Conner, Thomas, one house, east side of Canal, near Plane. 230 Van Winkle, Cornelius, 1 house, Montgomery street ..... 25.44 231 VanWinkle, Eliza and Sarah, 1

h. and store, Montgomery st .. 42.90 232 Van Winkle, Moses, 1 house, 31 acres, Montgomery st. n. side. 21.14 DISTRICT NO. 4.

86 Condit, Mrs. George, 1 house and lot north side Thornton st., w. Moses Tichenor........... 18.02 Corby, Emmons B., 1 house and lot, Washington st., n. Washington st., e. Mut. Ben. Life Ins. Co., P. Geib and Arthur Spragg, s. Arthur Spragg and Railroad Co. w. Railroad Co. . 75.70 Eveland, est. of Samuel, 1 house Linden ave., n. Ed. Hall and

Chas. M. Lockwood, e. Wm. Myers, s. Glenwood ave., w. 50 Groshong, Mrs. F. A. I house 1st north side, n. C. W. Powers and Riley Bond, s. First st., w. Mrs. Degnan ..... 21.20 Hayes, Mrs. Nora, 1 house, Lin-

den ave., n. Linden ave., e. Ward. st. s. Maolis ave. w. Adrian Dickerson ...... 78.94 Mitchell, Mortimer, two house Nos. 7 and 8, s. side Lake st. 30.08 181 O'Brien, Francis, 1 house, Willow st., n. Geo. Dodd, e. est. John Strrng, s. Willow st., w. C. Frank ..... 20.08

Shiel, Ed., 1 house n. side of st. leading from Peloubet's factory to Railroad ..... 4.48 693 Walsh, James L., 1 house, n. Woodland ave., e. Ridgewood

ave., s. and w. Kate V. Darwin 134.56

Payment must be made before the conclusion of the sale; otherwise the property will be immediately resold. The whole amount of tax, interest and cost will be made known on the day of sale. Witness my hand and seal this 14th day of August, A. D. 1885.

ALEXANDER C. MARR, Collector.

CHERIFF'S SALE. - In Chancery of New D Jersey, between the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, complainant, and Nora H. Hayes, et al., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged property. By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of September next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town-ship of Bloomfield, Essex County, New

Beginning in the southerly line of Linden avenue at the northwest corner of land sold by Phineas J. Ward to William Jarvie; thence running southerly along said Jarvie's line at right angles to Linden avenue two hundred feet ; thence westerly parallel with said avenue ninety feet thence northerly parallel with the first course two hundred feet to said avenue; thence easterly along Linden anchue ninety feet to the place of beginning.
Newark, N. J., July 20, 1885.
WILLIAM H. BROWN, Sheriff.

F. K. Howell, Solicitor.

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After the third year Policies are INCONTESTABLE, except as against inter CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent of the reserve value. here valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security. LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

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